





THE REAL LOVE LETTERS

That He Received Telling the Plans

OF HIS BRIDE TO BE



EAREST:—Was there a sting beneath your praise of my study of economy in the letter that came this morning? Was there a hint of sarcasm, a touch of hurt in your rebuke for my "working too hard," or is my fear that I have over emphasized my economics due to a blistered palm, a paint stain on my cheek that won't come off and the reeking odor of turpentine that fills my nostrils?

I'm sorry if I've bored you with o'ermuch of my lessons in housewifery, but, dear, I have so delighted in them and been so proud of my successes that I could not realize they were not as interesting to you. But, in speaking of success, I must admit most ruefully that as a carpenter and painter I am a dismal failure, and the lovely little booklet showing how a young

wife could make "old furniture like new," which Aunt Henrietta sent me, stares me reproachfully in the face, and I'm sure that twice I've heard stifled laughter from the library, where mother and father are closeted.

To Look Like New

The book said that any girl could scrape, mend and re-enamel furniture to look like new, and I thought it would be just lovely to fix my old bookcase to match the white furniture in my room, and so after spending a pretty big sum for materials I set to work.

I was dreaming then, oh dear, oh dear, of showing you the shining white set of shelves and hearing your voice praise me for my fine work, and because I was dreaming so hard I sandpapered the skin off my fingers instead of the bookcase.

Then, instead of mending properly, the horrid old thing got sort of loose-jointed, and I ruined a finger nail by hitting it with a hammer; and, as if that was not enough, I upset the paint, and altogether at last I had to humiliate myself and ask cook to carry the old thing out to the woodshed, and she was mean enough to show it to dad on the way.

Pointed a Moral

Of course, he laughed, but he said, too, that it pointed a moral in economics, and that was that it is poor economy to try unskilled labor upon anything unless there is some one who can give competent directions; he said it worked in the household as well as a factory, and so my little story of the paint ends as all stories should-with a

But back of the paint stains, back of the foolish endeavor and the ruined case there was at least, dearest, the earnest desire to do something to make you proud of me. I wanted, not to make the bookcase like new, but to have some tangible bit of the work of my hands to point out to you, as a result of these lonely hours with you so far awy, and so, perhaps, the task was not a waste of time and money if you can read between the lines and see the great, great love that prompted it.

Sew Dreams In the Linen

Your own work for me is so big, so fine, and each step forward is something that the whole world can see, but I-I can only stay home and sew into household linens dreams of our home and whisper to my heart the words I know you would say if you were here. Oh. honey, say that you think you will get back for Thanksgiving. Let me have the rainbow of hope at least to lighten the clouds of separation. Good night, dear.

THE STAGE DOORKEEPER

Camorrists and people getting judg- versa?" asked the S. S. Y. ments against Flo Ziegfeld the press did or vice versa," responded the S. D.

now that Kitty Gordon is going to that. take another fiver in the matrimonial retirement, probably from the excessive market I can see where the theatrical use of cigarooties. He drops into the photographers lay a little of the need-ful against a hard and cold winter." trial as any other interested observer. Then the tall, flerce-lookin' guy sitting "Do you really suppose that Caruso

Our Grocery Clerk Says, 'Worse'n Ever'

The pun guy was in again today. usual line of chatter while he was waiting for his order to be done up. Honest, some time I'm going to so far forget myself as to heave a whole and of cheese at that fellow, and



then the boss will lose a customer and I'll lose a Job.

"Say, Slug," he says, digging his cane into the apricots, "if the sleeping wanty had gone to sleep on the apricot, would the prince have kissed the beach just the same?" What do you know about that? Ain't passed him more than once, and his

that a crime? "Maybe," I says to him, "but what worries me is, just because a man and the bunch, "you get your wish."-The his wife act like a couple of nuts, does that prove the pear is plum crazy?" Say, bo, after that dose of his own medicine he didn't have the heart to

What with Caruso wigwagging the did not know this Camorrist or vice

"I don't know for sure whether he agents have a very easy time of getting K., 'but there is no reason why he stuff on the first pages nowadays," said shouldn't. It would be the most natuthe stage-struck youth as he extracted a splinter from the sole of his shoe.

ral thing in the world. There seem to be several gents tied up in this Italian trial who had never before had suspi-"Ten," said the stage doorkeeper. "It cion pointed toward them. It must seems to be coming easy this year, and have been an interesting proceeding at

> "Here's Caruse who's in temporary in the cage three from the end pulls the ends of his mustache out of his eyes, takes a slant at the singer and salutes him. It's just as well that there were iron bars between them, for an Italian salute is equal to a kiss. Then Caruse, he bows and the kit and passel ness that and it ought to be staged."

Caruso Denies "But I see that Caruso denies that he had any information of the doings of

the Camorrists," said the S. S. Y. suppose an Italian barber on his native heath is a good deal the same as the American article, and wants to But now! talk his head off, but I don't believe he Vanity, grown bold, carries her kit boastful manner about the murders

he'd been pulling off. "And," sighed the S. D. K., "I only regret that the man who shaved me this morning isn't locked up in a cage where I could salute him. I'd sure do it with a shotgun." And he rubbed the pencil touched him in a decidedly reflective way.

ENGLISH JOKE FOR TODAY "I'd rather be a live rabbit than a ting, during which his round had political views had ceased to interest. "Well," reflected the corner-man of

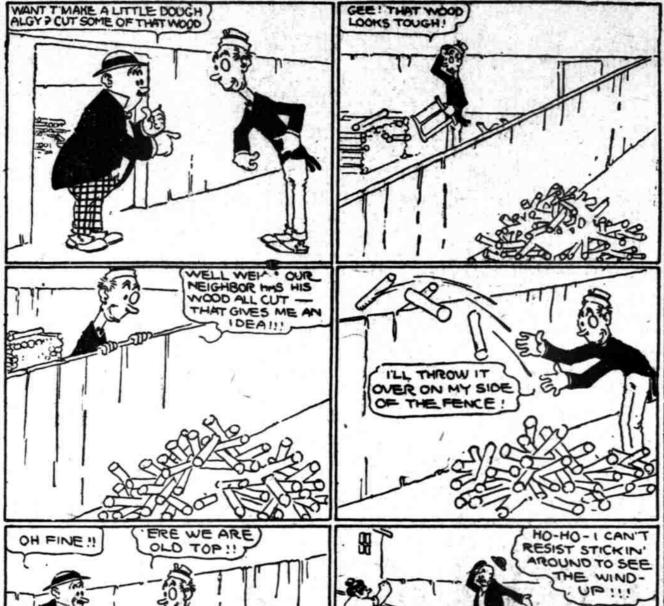
Was In the Valley Gussle (the golfist)-Which is the near do a thing but take his order and wadest way to the village, my lad?

die out. But, as I say, some day—

The Lad—Jump, old sport.

By JAMES H. HAMMON Drawn for The Washington Times.

ALGY HE 'WOODEN" WORK



Loretta's Looking Glass

SEE HOLDS IT UP TO THE GIRL WITH THE VANITY BAG



But its favorite haunt being near the sists nature to a "deeper crimson." of the Camorrists salute. Great busi- of a damsel confines its exploitation to small mirror, you sink back satisfied the privacy of the dressing room. Be- and begin to study the unimportant tween the acts at the play the girls thoughtlessly provided to distract you used to be put to the inconvenience of from your complete devotion to vanity. seeking seclusion to satisfy the vanity Pouf! It's sickening! It's convicting "Certainly he did," answered the S. that gnawingly urged a shining nose D. K. "And he's right. Of course, I or a gleaming brow in order to be at a time. The acts are never any smoothed by a taste of rice powder. longer than that; and the avidity with

would tell the man in the chair in a right with her, and brazenly satisfies her craving for powder and rouge without a shadow of conservative embarrassment.

There's the dear little looking glass and the cunning little powder puff. sore place on his chin where the styptic There's a wee flask of perfume and a tiny stick of lip rouge. And it's all in one girl's vanity bag.

Vanity Possessed Possessor No sooner does the curtain fall upon the end of the act than the vanity-possessed possessor of the vanity-bag begins operations. You are the victim: Your fingers fly instantly to the clasp of the bag. It opens to your touch. Out comes the mirror. Snap goes the little button arrangement that confines the powder-saturated puff. A small white cloud rises, the incense on the altar of vanity, as you dab your nose. You extract the silver cork from the cut-glass bottle and a faint whiff of a

THERE are signs and symbols for sweet essence permeates the powder-in- four or five minutes have been divided vanity as well as for algebraic cense as you touch the scented cork to between the action of the play and the problems. The powder rag is one. your lips. Then the rouge stick as- fear that the lights when turned on the audience will reveal you with a shiny hem of the stockings on the left leg And, with a final inspection in the nose! Oh! What a disgracel But isn't it a disgrace, a shameful confession to your superficiality, to sit and prink while the men who do not out between the acts watch you

with a growing contempt? Yes, it is contempt! It is no wonder evidence that a girl cannot forget her face for more than forty-five minutes that they gather the idea that you are a silly, self-contered thing, fit only to cater to the part of them that is least to end of them! It is no wonder that so which you go at the venity-feeding process proves that at least the last many men treat so many women lightly, when such apparently willing testi-mony of their foolishness is so brazen-

WHEND I GET TO RUNNING THE UNIVERSE THE SHOE STRING 2 POLITICIAN WHO GOES SO FAR AS TO SMOKE THOSE VILE CAMPAIGN STOGIES! WOW! HANDS UP!

THE CHLORIDE

LIME

Various Processes The men behind you watched your toilet just now. And one of them remarked as the various processes were displayed: "Humph! Pity she hasn't a

cake of soap and bath tub to do it

up right!"

It was easy to read his verdict. To him you seemed indelicate, immodest, idjetically vain. Your obsession by vanity is so complete that you have absolutely forgotten decency. And then you complain and act the abused treats you as if you were the fool that you act so admirably. You may think it's exaggeration; but you are wrong— a man looks upon a vanity bag, flaunt-ed by its silver or golden chain from the wrist of a girl, as evidence that

MAMIE TELLS

Elinor Glyn Knows Well That

FOLKS LIKE TO BLUSH



ELLE, I see Elinor Glyn has dashed off another one, just like the other ones. I b'lieve it's a sequel to "Three Weeks" called "A Day and a Half," or somepin', and I b'lieve there's another one comin', to be called "Twen'y Minutes." "Short but shockin'" is her motto, Belle. Elinor is the greatest livin' authority on crowdin' things to-

It's one o' those books, I s'pose, that it would hardly do for a girl to let her parents read. Which means that us Americans, to live up to our reputation as just and fair-minded people, will flock to the bookstands by the thousands rather than say anything harsh about Elinor Glyn before we know what we're talkin' about.

The book's bound to be a success, Belle; I heard Elinor has already received a bushel of compliment'ry letters from readers.
"Dear Mrs. Glyn," one letter said, "I must confess that I did not believe the bookseller when he advised me to buy your latest in red covers and assured me it was guaranteed to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of an Egyptian mummy. But it gives me great pleasure to state that after readin' on'y three chapters I was compelled to send the children out on errands and pull down the shades and lock the doors while I finished the rest o' the book in the dark."

It's a Menace To the Old Folks

"My Dear Mrs. Glyn," a girl wrote her, "'A Day and a Half' is far s'perior to 'Three Weeks.' At the seventeenth blush I found it necessary to hide the book from my mother, because, not bein' up in these things, there's no tellin' what effect it might have on her

Ever since Eve made apple sauce of Adam's future prospec's, Belle, it's been natch'ral for people to want to do things they ain't supposed to do. As soon as a boy puts on his first long trousers he decorates the walls of his room with pictures of chorus girls standin' on one toe, not because the sight of 'em gives him any p'ticular pleasure especially, but just because he enjoys that old feelin' o' bein' a little devilish.

And that's why Elinor Glyn is cloggin' up English banks with American money, while really, truly authors are wastin' yards of innocent description on the garret air.

The American public wants to be shocked, Belle, and if you haven't got literary ability enough to turn out one of the thirty-six best sellers, just fill your book with cuss words and then look around for the buildin' and loan association that pays the most int'rest.

CHIMMIE'S HISTORY

Benjimin Franklin was allmost as lin, and if I dident want to eet this grate as Kernel Roosvelt, wich is going bred Id fire a loaf at you. sum, but he was.

Benjimin Franklins fathir and mothir had 17 childrin, wich is so meny wen woodent even stick my fingirs up to my there shoos was undir the bed at nite noze at you. Thats how mutch I think it must of looked like a shoo stoar, of you, he sed. Its a good thing they lived in Bostin.

ware beens is cheep. Enuff is plenty, sed Benjimin Frank-

Bettir Not!

You wont get beens in Filladelfea like wasent a peetch then. you get in Bostin, sed his fathir. ture post kards wen he got thare, it hody else. Will you marry me?

Wen Benjimin Franklin ferst wawked ventid elecktrisity yet?

into Filladelfea he had a loaf of bred awl his pockits. You mite think he wantid to opin a stoar.

Awl of a suddin he seen a peetch of gerl standing in the doar of a baker itoar laffing at him. Tell me the joak, sed Benjimin Frank-

lin, and Ill laff to. Yure the joak, sed the gerl, he he. Wich is how gerls laff.
Yure a fresh kid, sed Benjamin Frank-

Reddy Smith Chats On The "Sparrow" Lady

She uster come thru de square every mornin', Jimmie. She wusn't uh swell lookin' woman, jes' uh little plain ol' lady, wid deep gray eyes an' uh careworn face. Hur face wusn't pretty, an' it wusn't homely, it was sorter in 'tween de two. Hur clothes wusn't de latest style, but dey wus well kept an' mus' have been worn fur years.

I called hur de "sparrer" lady. She allays had un basket uv bread crumbs an' hundreds uv sparrers an' pigeons an' even robins wud fly all' uhroun' hur an' she'd feed dem de crumbs. Sometimes dey'd sit on hur arms an' han's an' she'd pet dem an' de pigeons she called by names.

less till she come. Den dere wud be brated the Fourth by striking four uh sudden chatter an' uh swift noise uv matches and made his lather do for wings an' if yu'd look 'cross de square three shaves.
yu wud see hur comin' wid hur basket. And now But, she an't been thru de square fur uh week now, an' de birds is sorter will he had left all he possessed to restless an' de square don't seem es bright es it uster bea I'm missin' hur, o'clock that afternoon the amount of

She uster have de sweetest smile, will. Jimmie-why jes' one smile frum hur ol' careworn face wud drive de blues away afore yu knew what wus happenin'. I tells yu what, Jimmie, de birds is missin' hur, de kids is missin' hur an' I'm missin' hur, an' if she don't leeven small children. she is to be interested by the common, cheap method of flattery. The social highwayman doesn't need to sandbag you. You are already vanity-bagged! look hur up!

Good nite, sed Benjimin Franklin, I

Beets It

Enuff is plenty, sed Benjimin Frank- And he kept awn wawking, but a lin, wich was the yungest kid and had lawng time aftirwerds, wen he was old to do awl the errinds. I'm going to Fill- enuff to get married, darn if sumboddy didn't interfects him to the sumboddy dident interdoose him to the gerl and if she was a peetch wen Benjamin Franklin seen her ferst, may be she

I dident meen wat I sed to you about Thats 1 reasin wy I want to go, sed sticking my fingirs up to my noze, he Benjimin Franklin, and he went. And sed to her. Id jest as soon stick them if he sent his brothirs and sistirs pix- up to my noze at you as I wood eny-Sure, sed the gerl. Have you in-

Not yet, sed Benjimin Franklin, and undir eetch arm and thare was rolls in they got married, and Benjimin Frank-awl his pockits. You mite think he lin maid a lot of muny, and they had 2 bathrooms in there house and awl.

His Last Bequest; Or, Flowers Omitted

Old Man Tallweed was vindicated! The whole town of Pittsville stood in groups, drug stores and wonder and talked about it.

For years Pittsville had called Old Man Tallweed the stinglest man in town. They said he was so mean that he licked every postage stamp



Every mornin' dem birds wud wait until it was of no mortal use; they fur hur an' fly all uhroun' sorter rest- said he was so close that he cele-

And how he was vindicated! Old Jimmie, cause she an' me wus such the bequest was to be publicly announced, according to the terms of the

Four o'clock draw near, and so did

They were taken to the orphan asy-lum in a hack.

HEAR THAT HOUND BAY THE MOOM!

KIND OF A BAY RUM HOUND EH?

AW! COME TAKE A SAIL IN MY BARK M AFRAID YOU'D LEA AWAY WITH

THESE DOG WATCHES.

YEP, THEY GO TWO HOURS AND REST TWO HOURS

THEIR GOING DEPENDS ON THE

WINDS

MAN, I'LL SURE LOSE DIS-TEMPER

RIDDLE THE STARTER RIPPED THE ELEVATOR ?